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LIVERY SERVANTS.



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[BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.
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ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMANITY.

No. LII.—LIVERY SERVANTS.

LIVERY SERVANTS are the luckiest class of persons under the sun. They often fare better than their masters. Come what will, happen what may, it will go hard indeed if they be not well fed and well clothed. They live on the fat of the land. They afford a better illustration than any other class that could be mentioned, of the common adage, "Little to do and plenty to eat." They "draw an easy harrow;" they are a set of drones. As for work, in the proper acceptation of the term, they know not what it means. A very large part of their duty, or at least they seem to consider it, is to assist each other in looking out at the window, or talking scandal at the expense of the family that feeds, clothes, and pays them. They are remarkable for the good opinion they entertain of themselves. However indifferently they may think of their masters, they never descend in the scale of their own self-importance. They are as proud as princes. It is with difficulty you can elicit ordinary civility from them. Their civility is all forced; it has nothing natural about it. A tradesman or other person feels infinitely more at his ease in the presence of the master, than in that of his livery servant. You are treated with immeasurably more respect in the drawing-room than in the hall. It is a positive relief to escape from the sight of powdered heads and their unmentionables, to that of the apparel which mankind ordinarily wears.

The Livery Servant knows little of what is passing in the world around him; and what is more, he cares still less. He has no sympathy for suffering mankind. He subscribes to no charitable institution—he takes no interest in any benevolent project. Millions may be in want and wretchedness, but the circumstance does not concern him. The larder of his master is amply supplied; the cook does his or her duty; there is no probability of his knowing what it is to suffer the privation of a meal: and therefore his mind is at rest. Others must take care of themselves as they best can.

But though the Livery Servant has no bowels of compassion for the poor and the needy,—though he has not a single halfpenny to bestow in the way of charity, out of his own pocket, he can be marvellously liberal to his friends and acquaintances, at the expense of his master. He is the man to display to advantage the contents of his "Grace's" or his "Lordship's" larder. He is the person for testing the quality of the wines, both in his own person, and in the persons of his "particular friends," whom he invites to sit down at the hospitable board. He is, in short, or at least ought to be, the happiest person alive.

RUSSIAN COURT CONVERSATION.

SUCH balls as these I have described, however brilliant and dazzling in relation, are not otherwise than very dull in reality; for here, as in France, society is so perversely constituted, that no enjoyment is to be reaped save by infringing its rules. A "jeune personne," in other words

an unmarried woman, is considered a mere cipher in society, danced with seldom, conversed with seldomer, and under these circumstances looks forward to her *mariage de convenance* as the period which, as I said before, is to commence that which it ought to close. From the day of her marriage she is free—responsible to no one, so that she overstep not the rules of convention for the liberty of her conduct; while her husband is rather piqued than otherwise if her personal charms fail to procure her the particular attentions of his own sex. "*Personne lui fait la cour*" is the most disparaging thing that can be said of a young wife. It is sad to see the difference in a short season from the retiring girl, to one whose expression and manners seem to say that "honesty, coupled with beauty, is to add honey-sauce to sugar." Nor is it easy for an inexperienced young woman, gifted with domestic tastes, or marrying from affection, to stem the torrent of ridicule of those who would pull others down to justify themselves. This social evil is seen in the most glaring colours, from the total absence of all rational tastes or literary topics.

In other countries it is lamented, and with justice, that literature and education should be made the things of fashion. How infinitely worse is it when they are condemned by the same law! In other countries, all fashion as such is condemned as bad; how infinitely worse is it where the bad is the fashion! Here it is absolute *mauvais genre* to discuss a rational subject—mere *pedanterie* to be caught upon any topics beyond dressing, dancing, and a "*jolie tournure*." The superficial accomplishments are so superficialised as scarcely to be considered to exist. Russia has no literature, or rather none to attract a frivolous woman; and political subjects, with all the incidental chit-chat which the observances, anniversaries, &c. of a constitutional government bring more or less into every private family, it is needless to observe, exist not. What then remains? Sad to say, nothing, absolutely nothing, for old and young, man and woman, save the description, discussion, appreciation, or depreciation of the toilette—varied by a little *cuisine* and the witless wit called *l'esprit du salon*.

To own an indifference or an ignorance on the subject of dress, further than a conventional and feminine compliance, would be wilfully to ruin your character equally with the gentlemen as with the ladies of the society; for the former, from some inconceivable motive, will discuss a new bracelet or a new dress with as much relish as if they had hopes of wearing it, and with as great a precision of technical terms as if they had served at a *marchand des modes*. It may seem almost incredible, but here these externals so entirely occupy every thought, that the highest personage in the land, with the highest in authority under him, will meet and discuss a lady's coiffure, or even a lady's corset, with a gusto and science as incomprehensible in them, to say the least, as the emulation of coachman slang in some of our own eccentric nobility.

Whether in a state where individuals are judged by every idle word, or rather where every idle word is literally productive of mischief, the blandishments of the toilet, from their political innocuousness, are considered safest ground for the detention of mischievous spirits, I must leave; but very certain it is, that in the high circles of Petersburg it would seem, from the prevailing tone of conversation, that nothing was considered more meritorious than a pretty face and figure, or more interesting than the question how to dress it. Added to this wearying theme, it is the bad taste of the day to indulge in an indelicacy of language, which some aver to proceed from the example of the court of Prussia, and which renders at times even the trumperies of the toilet or jewellery rather a grateful change of subject.—*A Residence on the Shores of the Baltic, by a Lady.*

THE VILLAGE BUDGET.

BY THE PARISH SCHOOLMASTER.

No. I.—THE CARRIER'S DAUGHTER.

PART SECOND.

THERE are few seasons of public excitement in our village, and with the exception of our annual fair, and the days on which the processions of freemasons and gardeners parade our quiet streets, little occurs to disturb the ordinary routine of rural life. It was the day on which the anniversary procession of the last-named society was to walk, two years following that which had seen the young merchant the worthy carrier's guest, and all was life and bustle among the dwellers of Killstane. Many a glad heart was beating with the hope of expected pleasure, for it was a brief day of enjoyment anxiously looked forward to by young and old; a time when old friends might meet again to talk of "auld lang syne;" when youthful ones could meet with kindred hearts and healthful spirits, to enjoy the passing pleasure, and feel it all the sweeter for the brief respite it gave them from hardship and toil. It was one of courtship's love holidays, when lads could with impunity escort their lasses to see and enjoy the sport; a time when each favoured lover could the more readily press his suit, and feel a gleam of happiness while all around him were bent on happiness themselves. And certainly it was a pleasant sight, to see young and old arrayed in their gayest apparel come forth with pleased and happy faces, all intent on the one grand object of the day—mirth and enjoyment.

The weather was all that could be desired, and towards noon, deputations from the surrounding villages began to make their appearance. At length all was ready, and headed by a band of music the procession moved onwards with the usual display of flags, and many a fanciful design composed of flowers. Crowns, studded with many a flowery gem; wreaths, bedecked with the glowing rose, the blushing violet, and the modest lily, were proudly raised on high by their pleased bearers; while last, though not least, came a canopy composed of the choicest flowers of summer, borne in honour above the head of him who was the chief of that day's procession. Gaily did they pass along among a crowd of pleased and happy faces; but there was one whom many missed, who was not there to smile upon them now as she had often done before. Many longed to see the carrier's daughter with her old companions, but they looked in vain among all that smiling throng, for Jessy had long been estranged from her old friends, and was now seldom seen out of her own home. As the procession moved onwards many a look was cast at the Braeburn cottage, in the hope that Jessy might be standing by its door to gaze upon them as they passed; but no, she was not there. Yet she heard the gay bursts of music, and the happy hum of merry voices, as they passed her lonely home. She sat with her hands clasped before her face, to hide if possible, the tears streaming down her pale cheeks; while her father stood near gazing wistfully upon her. He knew of the sorrow that weighed so heavily on her young heart; he sympathised with her grief, and sought to remove it.

"My bonnie bairn! it grieves me to see ye greet sae sair. We a' hae our troubles, Jess, and ye shouldna let yours oppress ye sae muckle. Cheer up, my lass; and syne ane can sae easily forget you, just try and forget him."

"I canna believe," replied his weeping daughter, "he has forgot me a'thegither;—but he didna come last simmer as he promised, and I'm feared it's ower true that he has indeed forgot me."

For months after Harry Grear had left our village, Jessy continued to receive many letters from him, all breathing the most ardent love, and fondly anticipating the time when they should meet again. But suddenly, without motive or cause assigned, the correspondence ceased; and when, with many fears perplexing her bosom, Jessy ventured to write asking the cause of his silence, her letter was returned unopened. That returned letter was a blight, a cold, a withering blight to her dreams of love; yet long, in spite of her own convictions, did she cling to the hope that the seeming mystery would be satisfactorily explained. She still trusted that her lover would come in the summer months as he had promised, beguiling herself with the hope that he might have some good reason for discontinuing his correspondence in the manner he had done. And when her father doubtfully shook his head, and said he "feared the worst," and thought within himself that the young man had overcome his passion, and forgot he ever loved so humble a being as a carrier's daughter, Jessy still fondly clung to the hope, that he would come as he promised. But the fondness with which she cherished this hope, but made her disappointment more poignant. The wished-for time arrived; it passed, but he came not.

Robin saw with sorrow that his daughter's grief was preying heavily on her spirits. She was no longer the gay and joyous girl she had been; she shunned the company of all who formerly had been her dearest companions; and though her father had often striven by cool reasoning and lively banter, to drive her from her misplaced love, and induce her to mix among her friends as she was wont to do, he had the misery to see that all his efforts were vain.

"He's no' worthy o' you," said Robin, continuing the conversation we have interrupted with the above explanation; "and rich though he be, I say it fearlessly, he's no' worthy o' yer regard, since his lovmaking was but the sport o' leisure hours. Tak' my advice, Jessy, and forget him as easily as he has forgotten you. I trow there be mony mair a hantel worthier o' ye, and wha love ye better than ever he did, although they mak' less words about it."

"But there's nane I could like sae weel," replied Jessy, "and it's hard to hae ane's love slighted as mine has been. —It is very hard."

The door was opened at this juncture, and the carrier's cousin, a brisk country maiden, arrayed in her holiday finery, stepped into the kitchen.

"A braw day this, Robin, and a merry ane tae," exclaimed the new comer in a very broad accent. "How's a' wi' ye, Jess? an' why are ye no among the lave? I didna expect to see ye here, but no' seeing ye among the crowd, I just cam owerby to see if aught was wrang."

"Naething wrang, Tibbie, but there's plenty yonder without us," replied Robin: "tak a seat to yersel."

"Plenty atweel," rejoined Tibbie, "an' what wi' the crushing an' crowding, the bairnies yelping, an' the drums beating, I was glad to get rid o't for awae; but for a' that, it's naething to the crowds that ding ye here and there in the Glasgow streets. I was there theither day, Robin, an' what wi' ane thing an' anither, I was maist nockit clean daft."

"I didna ken ye had been in Glasgow, Tibbie; what's yer news?"

"No muckle atweel, Robin; but what's wrang wi' the lassie? hae ye been greetin', Jess? Na, na, ye needna be ashamed, woman, sae dinna gang an' hide yersel."

Poor Jessy's tears commenced afresh, for she could not bear to be questioned as to the cause of her grief; so seating herself in the window recess, she endeavoured to conceal her sorrow from her very inquisitive relative.

"Weel, Tibbie, what are your Glasgow news?" asked Robin, anxious to divert her curiosity from Jessy.

"I've no hae muckle strange," she replied, "but ye'll no guess wha I met when daunerin' through some o' thae grand streets I forget the name o'. Why, the verra gentleman that stopped wi' you sae lang."

"Did he say any thing to ye," inquired the carrier in a low tone of voice, "or did he pass you without speaking?"

"Speak to a puir body like me!" exclaimed Tibbie, in a tone of voice directly the reverse of that in which the question was asked. "He's ower fine a gentleman, yonder, whate'er he may hae been here. Na, na, he was ower grand for that, Robin. Besides, he had ither fish to fry, as the saying is. He drove by in a fine open carriage, wi' a braw young leddy beside him; an' when it stopped at a grand house, an' he handed her out as brawly as ye like, I gaed up and speered at the flunkie, if that was Mr. Grear. The crater looked gae an' saucily at me, an' after awhile said it was. 'An' wha,' said I, 'is that bonny leddy wi' him?' An' sae he tell't me that she was his wife; and a bonnie sweet-looking wife she is."

"Married! did ye say married?" exclaimed Jessy, starting from her seat, where she had been listening with heart-rending agony to the recital of her lover's faithlessness. "Married! and I am forsaken, despised!"

Instead of the timid, shrinking girl she had been but the moment before, the wildness of her clear blue eyes, and the unnatural fierceness of her whole manner, as she bent her scrutinizing gaze on her who had been so unwittingly the cause of her present excitement, might well arrest the attention, and alarm the fears of the beholders.

"Preserve us, lassie! dinna gaze sae awesomely on us," said Tibbie, turning from her scrutinizing gaze.

"Jessy, my ain Jessy!" cried her father, anxiously alarmed at the wild expression of her countenance, and the unnatural brilliancy of her flashing eyes; "speak to me, my bonnie bairn—my ain dear Jessy."

"I hae naething noo but despair.—God bless you, faither!" she replied, rushing wildly from the cottage, leaving him and Tibbie in a state of speechless amazement.

Tibbie was the first to find her voice. "Oh, Robin, man, rin out an' catch her," said she, "for the lassie's clean daft."

He stood for a moment in stupified amazement, so much had the frenzied energy of Jessy taken him by surprise. It was, however, only for a moment; for rushing out after her, he eagerly sought to catch a glimpse of her retreating form; but she had sped with the incredible swiftness of a maniac, and he sought her in vain. Long did he protract his search, but not alone; for soon his daughter's disappearance was made known by his eager inquiries of all he met, and the tidings spreading from mouth to mouth, was not long in becoming general in the village, where, with one consent, young and old forsook their pastime, and became companions of his search. It was an affecting sight, to behold that fond and aged father rushing madly from spot to spot, still hoping to find his child, and yet afraid he would see her as his gloomy fears foreboded. It was a scene long remembered in the village, and one which created a sensation that was not soon dispelled. Friends and neighbours, for all were friends and neighbours there, anxiously surrounded the carrier, and assisted him in his search. All felt something of his sorrow and sympathised in his distress; and although there were not wanting many who had been censorious in their remarks on Jessy's past conduct, and more particularly on her behaviour of late years, yet even they, now that a calamity seemed to have befallen her, were foremost in their wish to forget their former censure, and did not hesitate openly to express their sorrow for herself, and their sympathy for her afflicted

father. The search had now been protracted for hours without success, and many had given it up in despair; but there were some, and among that number several young men who had been rivals with each other, for her whom they now sought in such distressing circumstances, who still continued their efforts to find the place of her retreat, and woo her back to home. No labour seemed to daunt them, nor fatigue to tire them. They divided into parties, some taking the hillside road, others the meadows, and some the burnside. For a time all were unsuccessful, and they at length began to talk of giving over the search as hopeless. Robin had accompanied the burnside party, and he too felt that further search was vain. After the fatigues he had undergone, and the mental sufferings he had endured, he felt wearied and exhausted. He sat down by the burn, and covering his face with his hands, he gave vent to his anguished feelings.

"My bairn, my bonnie bairn, and has it come to this?"

An exclamation of horror from one of the bystanders aroused him from his reverie,—but words may not tell the agony of that moment.

At an adjoining winding of the stream, beneath an over-spreading elm, the waters of the burn had formed a shallow pool, and there lay Jessy's lifeless form, extended stark and stiff. Her auburn locks floated on the water, and her thin pale features, yet beautiful in death, presented to the beholders a melancholy picture of frenzied despair.

It was a sad day in Killstane that on which poor Jessy's funeral took place. There was a quiet stillness in its lonely streets, that told in eloquence more touching than words, how deeply friends and neighbours mourned her fate. She who so lately was their joy and pride, to be borne thus sadly to an early grave, whither she had been hastened by her own rashness and despair, was a melancholy and saddening sight, which, however soon it might be forgotten in the hurry and bustle of a populous city, was destined to make a lasting impression on our humble villagers. Slowly and solemnly that mournful procession moved on, amidst the tearful gazing of those who had been the friends and companions of her happy hours. There seemed an air of sorrowing sadness brooding over each brow, as they looked upon, or followed that mournful throng. With downcast eyes and tottering steps, poor Robin followed his daughter to the grave,—that grave in which he had laid his wife some sixteen years before, and in which the only solace she had left him, their only child, was now about to be laid. His heart was sad to breaking; and none who did not know the warmth of his affection, the devotedness of his love, could tell with what desolate feelings he turned and left that spot. He was now a widowed, childless, desolate old man.

Four years passed away, and few could recognise in the careworn features of Robin, the lively, good-humoured carrier of former days. By continually brooding over his sorrow he had fallen into a premature dotage, and had of late betrayed so fixed an indifference to the events going on around him, that his neighbours ceased their attempts to dispel his listlessness. One autumn evening he was sitting by his cottage door, gazing vacantly on the setting sun as it shed its rich effulgence on the sparkling waters of the burn, when a stranger, hastily alighting from his horse, led it bridle in hand to the spot where he sat.

"I cannot be mistaken," said the new comer, hesitatingly, "and yet, thou art much altered if you be Robin Adair."

There seemed something in the voice that riveted the carrier's attention, for he looked up inquiringly at the stranger, as if a glimpse of his features would serve to recall a perfect remembrance. In this, however, he was disappointed.

"I thoct it was a voice I kent," he said, turning his gaze from that of the stranger; "but no, he wouldna daur come noo."

The stranger gazed sorrowfully for a few moments, evidently perplexed at the carrier's manner, and then anxiously inquired, "Hast thou forgotten me, Robin? I did not think a few years' residence in a foreign climate would have so much altered my appearance, as that even thou wouldst fail to recognise thine old friend, Harry Grear."

The utterance of that now hated name wrought as a spell upon the carrier. His energy revived, and with an earnest and eager scrutiny of the speaker's features, he saw it was indeed the true possessor of that name who stood before him. But he spoke not, until seizing his arm with a convulsive grasp, he muttered with compressed lips, "And thou art come to mock me noo, and mak the fule o' a puir doighted man? Ay, its brave wark for sich as you to laugh ower my sorrows. Heaven help me!"

"What, what is the meaning of this bitterness?" asked Grear; at a loss to assign a cause for this sudden and unexpected outbreak of passion. "A strange welcome from what I expected; but tell me at least how Jessy is, for my heart misgives me."

"My bairn's murderer asks me how she is," exclaimed Robin. "Oh, 'tis mockery unbearable! Thou left us wi' professions o' gratitude, and stole the jewel o' my life, sweet Jessy's love, but to cast it frae thee, and blight the warm affections o' a heart too kind, too good for you, and noo, when ye hae brought my bonnie bairn to an early grave, ye come and ask me how she is."

Overwhelmed and astounded at the sad intelligence he had now for the first time heard, Harry stood motionless with surprise and sorrow.

"Dead!" he exclaimed, "did you really say dead, or has your words deceived me? From thy altered manner my heart foreboded some calamity, but ah! I little dreamt it was as thou hast said.—Poor Jessy!"

Explanations followed, from which it appeared that Grear had but that morning arrived from a remote station in India; whither he had gone when his correspondence with Jessy had so suddenly ceased. By some means or other his father had become aware of his attachment, and after many violent, but vain altercations on the subject, had, in order to frustrate any intention of marriage, temptingly held out the prospect of a speedy independence, provided he would proceed to India and superintend a business he had recently formed there. Deceived by this seeming kindness, and glad to avail himself of any means of being independent of his relations, Harry speedily agreed to the proposal, and a few days saw him on board the vessel that was to bear him to his destination. The time allowed for preparing for his voyage had been but limited, and precluded the possibility of his paying a farewell visit to Killstane previous to his departure. He had, however, written to Jessy stating his intentions, and trusting that in a very few years he might come home independent in fortune to make her the wife of his choice. With this glittering hope before him, he had departed without regret. This letter was never received by Jessy, or how many pangs of anguish would it have saved her gentle heart! The true cause of his seeming faithlessness was now revealed, and the person whom Tibbie had seen in Glasgow, was no other than his elder brother, to whom he bore a strong resemblance, and who, it seemed, was actually married at the time stated by her.

Little remains to be added. Killstane had few attractions for Harry now; but he would linger for hours by Jessy's lonely grave, and sometimes too, would wander in a very abstracted mood over each familiar place and lonely

haunt, hallowed as the scenes of his early love; but the bright dreams of that love which had so often gladdened his bosom, and filled his heart with rapture, had all faded, and left but a weary void behind.

He erected a plain monument over Jessy's grave, with an inscription to her memory, containing in brief terms the sad history of her fate; and although the stone may now arrest the attention of some who visit our church-yard, her name and her remembrance are passing way, and are already numbered among the things that once have been.

REFLECTIONS FROM AN OLD CHURCH-YARD.

BY PHANTOM WHITEHAVEN.

CHAPTER VI.

"I DETERMINED upon not joining in the first dance, that I might be the more at liberty to scrutinize the party. The first set of quadrilles was immediately formed, and I located myself in a quiet corner, in order to notice the peculiarities of the heterogeneous mass of humanity which was there assembled. There was a most determined and heavy flirtation raging between the two persons who were standing at the head of the room. Compliments of every description, true and untrue, merited and unmerited, effective and fruitless, were flying to and fro in deafening confusion. In fact, the happy pair appeared so entirely absorbed in endeavouring to shine in that very pleasant accompaniment to the dance—a flirtation, that they had not a moment's attention to spare for either the figure or the music, and the consequence was that they either moved not at all, or else began to jump about, and tread upon other people's toes just at the very time when their company could have been most comfortably dispensed with. Another couple, composed of two of the most stupid and inanimate looking individuals I ever beheld, appeared to be so entirely bound by the enchanting sounds of the violin, as to feel quite unwilling to discompose the currents of their musical imagination by speaking to each other. The gentleman stood in the most fascinating attitude imaginable; his hands, like a schoolboy's repeating his task, being placed behind his back, and his toes displaying an imperturbable desire to kiss each other.

"Opposite this silent couple, stood a lady and gentleman, such as you meet with every day—confabulatory persons, who can talk a great deal in their own peculiar style, and on their own subjects; those subjects, however, only being the state of the weather; the appearance of the room; the unparalleled impudence of Mr. So and so in making proposals to Miss So and so, and others of a similar nature.

"Whilst these scenes were in course of acting in the dancing arena, business was by no means at a stand-still in the various corners of the room. In one was a merry little bagman, teasing a modest young miss, who had just entered the visiting world. Every squeeze of the hand produced a blush, and every blush a protestation that the crimson glow which mantled on her cheek made beauty still more beautiful.

"In another corner was a wag from the neighbouring town, playing a most ineffably sweet tune to an innocent and uninitiated country girl. His arm was beautifully coiled around her waist, and his head rested upon her shoulder, whilst he poured a torrent of witty and overpowering adulations into her willing ear. To proceed, however, with my story.

"As soon as the first dance was finished, my cousin came up to me and whispered, 'I have told Lucy of the bet, and when Buckskin asks her to walk home with him, she

will say, that, being afraid of the jealousy of a person then present, she dare not allow him to do so openly, but that if he will leave the room before her and wait at the first gate on the low road, she will meet him there. Now, when he has taken his departure for the first gate on the low road, Lucy and I will take the high road, and thus leave him to make love to the gate-post if he likes it.

"I admired the plan, and promised to assist in the execution.

"Here Lucy came running up to my cousin, her eye beaming with feminine wickedness, and whispered, 'Simpson, I have had such a comical misfortune.' 'Misfortune' what?" asked my cousin eagerly. "O, don't be alarmed," said Lucy, archly, "I had left a brooch up stairs in the dressing-room, and, when the dance was finished, I quitted the ball-room with the intention of going for it. On my arrival at the head of the stairs, I felt some doubts as to whether I knew the room, but determined upon making an attempt to find it; consequently, I boldly opened the door which I thought looked most like the right one, and discovered one of the servants frizzling a gentleman's hair with a pair of curling tongs!"

"Who was the gentleman?" asked my cousin. "That I know not," said Lucy, "but I saw him not many minutes ago in the ball-room, making a pompous parade with an enormous quizzing-glass. 'The very man whom you are to meet at the first gate on the low road to-night, Lucy,' said my cousin. 'No! is it? Oh, of all men, he is the very one I should like to tease. So conceited he appears to be. But I shall humble him.'

"The door opened, and Buckskin entered the room. He came up to my cousin, and having been introduced by him to Miss Loveborn, he offered his arm, and led her out for the next dance.

"Thus did the evening almost imperceptibly glide over, with the pleasing diversity of chit-chat and quadrilles, interrupted perchance at intervals by a waltz, which either from the predetermination of the lady to tire the gentleman, or the wish of the gentleman to appease the waltzing mania of his fair partner, was sometimes continued till both parties, instead of walking to their seats, would have felt it infinitely more agreeable for the seats to walk to them.

At length the matin's dawn approached, and then, even then, with what reluctance did the happy and joyous assemblage leave the room. All appeared sorry to quit the scene of so much innocent pleasure, and as they walked disconsolately out of the room, many an eye was unwittingly cast back upon the late arena of their mirth, to catch a last glance, and bid it farewell!

"Thus the party, as far as in-door events were concerned, passed off to the entire satisfaction of all persons; the ladies retiring to their own firesides to enjoy a cup of chocolate, and discuss, with feminine-like eagerness, the events of the evening—the number of times such and such gentlemen danced with such and such ladies, is the first subject taken under review, and if they find that any two persons have danced together oftener than twice, intuitive sagacity at once enables them to pounce upon the conclusion that 'there must be something in it.' *Flirtations* form the next topic of debate, and after both facts and imagination are exhausted on that head, *dress*, that never flagging subject of feminine eloquence, is introduced, and when they have scanned over all the laces (heavens! I meant lace. The 's' at the end of that word, which was made by a mere slip of the pen, has, I fear, done me an irreparable injury. Far be it from me to insinuate that I know anything about *laces*), the furbelows, flounces, and other inconsiderable gewgaws and trifles of the preceding evening, they retire, to dream perchance of him they love.

"And now come the events ulterior to the breaking up of the party.

"It was a dreadful morning. The cold wintry wind moaned and whistled through the leafless trees, and drifted the snow which fell in massive flakes upon the frozen ground.

"Buckskin stood by the appointed gate, just as he had left the ball room, with not a cloak to cover him. He looked like a marble monument vibrating on some secret spring; for the snow had given him a white mantle, and the piercing coldness of the morning made him shiver unceasingly. At length a form muffled in a cloak and bonnet appeared. He went up to it without hesitation, and in a rapture of joy clasped it in his arms, exclaiming, 'O my dear Miss Loveborn, this is indeed the happiest moment of my life!'

"I am very sorry for having kept you waiting so long on so cold a morning," said the lady, softly.

"Long, my dear!" exclaimed Buckskin. "Pshaw! nonsense! I would wait five times as long if it were five times as cold, on any morning for you, with the greatest pleasure."

"He offered the lady his arm, and they waded on through the snow, both in the most perfect good humour; Buckskin making the most violent declarations of his love, and the lady acquiescing in all he said. This so overjoyed the happy man that he protested his inability to leave Miss Loveborn without giving her some more substantial token of his love than words; drawing, therefore, a handsome diamond ring from his finger, he presented it to the lady, which she accepted with a profound curtsy, and vowed she would wear it for the donor's sake.

"Buckskin, flushed by his rather unexpected success, determined upon sealing the bargain with a kiss, and drawing the lady's veil aside was proceeding to consummate his wish, when instead of meeting with the honey-sweet lips of Lucy Loveborn, his cheek came in contact with—a well-cut whisker!

"There was then only one means of escape for the bearded fair one; that was, to knock over Buckskin and run away, which was only the work of an instant; the enraptured lover thus finding himself left rolling in the snow by an unlady-like push from the object of his ardent affections.

"Within half an hour from the time of this transaction, Buckskin, my cousin, and myself were all assembled at the small inn where we had left our coach. The conversation immediately turned upon the events of the evening. 'Well, my boys,' said Buckskin with an air of indifference, 'how do you like the idea of paying for the champagne?'

"The champagne!" exclaimed my cousin, with evident surprise. 'Why, have you won the wager?'

"Ay, indeed have I," replied he, with the most consummate coolness.

"Indeed! but I think you were not with Miss Loveborn when she left the house," said I.

"Why no, but that is easily explained," remarked Buckskin. 'The fact is, she wished to get rid of some sneaking scoundrel who has had the impudence to annoy her by his importunities, and consequently an arrangement was made that I should meet her at the first gate on the low road, which I did.'

"Then do you mean positively to assert that you went home with Lucy Loveborn?" asked my cousin.

"Of course I do," said Buckskin, still displaying the greatest apparent coolness and indifference.

"Then let us order the champagne by all means," said I. 'We cannot do better than have a bottle of it now,' so rising from my seat, I pulled the bell and ordered a bottle of champagne.

"When the waiter lingered by the table for his pay, I remarked, with an assumed carelessness, that I had no money in my pocket at the moment, but being a stranger, I would leave something as a pledge till I had an opportunity of paying the amount in cash, and casting my eyes on Buckskin, I drew from my pocket—his diamond ring!"

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

Oh, winter, with its cold nights, long evenings, and chilblained toes, is a merry time after all. Talk of the pleasures of summer! why they are as nothing when compared with those of hoary, jovial winter. What can be more pleasant, after the fatigues of the day are concluded, than to join the social party round the fire and while away the evening in the narration of ghost-stories, until the clock warns you that it is bed-time, and you retire to your warm, comfortable bed for the night? And, then, again, as the snow and the hail patter against the window, how heart-cheering is it to draw one's chair nearer to the fire, and bid defiance to the elements that rage without!

So, at least, thought Colonel Simpson, an elderly gentleman with a good-natured looking countenance and a powdered wig, as he deposited himself, for the remainder of the evening, in his large, old-fashioned easy-chair.

"Well," observed Mrs. Simpson, a portly dame, "fat, fair, and forty"—yes, forty, notwithstanding her assertions that she was not yet five-and-thirty: "well, Mr. S., what kind of night is it?"

"Why, my dear," replied her husband, thrusting the poker into the fire, "it's very cold and uncomfortable out of doors; just such a night as when I returned from —. Why, bless me!" he continued, as his eyes fell on the almanac by his side, "and it is the same day of the month, too!"

"What do you mean?" inquired Mrs. S.

Her husband made no reply, but, turning to a tall handsome girl, who sat opposite to him, he said, "Ellen, you are now old enough to be entrusted with a secret which I have hitherto withheld from you; I mean the secret of your birth and parentage. My dear girl," he continued, hoarsely, "those whom you have so long considered as your parents are not in reality such; and, although I should be proud to own you as my daughter, it is my duty to undeceive you."

The girl started and turned pale, but by a strong effort she mastered her agitation, and begged of him to proceed.

"When I married," continued the old officer, "I was a lieutenant in the army, and was engaged with my regiment in active service on the continent; but, having distinguished myself in a brush with the French, I was promoted to the rank of captain; and I served in that capacity in the battle of Waterloo. It was just in the midst of the battle, and the balls were flying in all quarters, when a French soldier, imagining, from the superior description of my regimentals, that I was some officer of distinction, galloped up, and, presenting his pistol, called on me to surrender. I refused, and was in the act of drawing my sword in self-defence, when a second soldier, whom I had not before perceived, made a pass at me with his lance. He would no doubt have succeeded in wounding me, had not a young officer, of the name of Walton, a lieutenant in the same regiment as myself, rushed to my assistance and struck my assailant to the ground. In the next minute, however, a company of Frenchmen came up; I was thrust from my horse, and the lieutenant fell heavily across me. I remember that some blood trickled on my face, and I concluded that he

was wounded; but, as I raised him in my arms to ascertain the extent of his injuries, a party of cavalry passed over the spot, and the horses trampled on us both. I felt and heard no more, until I awoke as it were from a dream, and found myself still lying on the ground. I felt around for my friend, but there was no one near me; it was evident that I had been moved. With difficulty I raised myself on my feet; my limbs were stiff, and I was faint, but I contrived to walk some distance. It was night, and I listened in vain for the clash of arms, and the sound of trumpets; but the plain which had so recently been the scene of strife and bloodshed, was now occupied only by the dead and dying; and the groans of the wounded or the screams of the carrion bird, were the only sounds that disturbed the silence of the night. Oh, it was an awful sight!—so many fellow-creatures stretched before me, some in the agonies of death, and others far beyond all earthly agony. The Englishman lay side by side with his French foe; their angry passions stemmed only by the iron hand of death. Well, I walked on until I found myself overcome with fatigue, and I sank down to rest myself. A poor fellow lay next me on the point of death; the colour of his uniform told me he was a fellow-countryman, and I was just preparing to administer some consolation to the dying officer, when I heard a voice by his side muttering the most horrible French oaths, and, from my former experience, I concluded that the fellow was despoiling the corpse, while it was yet warm, of its trinkets. I again attempted to walk, but before I had proceeded many steps, the sound of a female voice, in tones of grief and lamentation, arrested my progress. I turned on one side to discover the cause, and there, bending over a dead body at her feet, stood a young woman, who, with one hand was clasping a child to her breast, and with the other was vainly essaying to raise the head of the corpse. I proffered my assistance, and as I stooped to lift the inanimate body from the ground, I recognised in its pale countenance, the familiar and somewhat handsome features of Lieutenant Walton.

"Is he dead, sir?" asked the woman, eagerly. "Is he dead? oh, tell me, tell me! I am prepared to hear the worst."

My sorrow at losing one of my dearest friends completely choked my utterance, and the only reply which I could make to the anxious question of his widow was, "He is!" As I uttered it, the poor woman fell upon the corpse of her husband with an hysterical shriek, and when I attempted to remove her, I found that she too was dead.

Seeing then, that I could render no assistance to the parents, I turned my attention to the child, which was still alive, and wrapping it under my cloak, conveyed it to the first house I found. It was a small farm, and had escaped the destruction which had befallen the other cottages in the neighbourhood of the fatal plain. Its occupants were an honest, worthy couple, who took care of myself and my little charge until my wounds were healed, and I was enabled to return to England. It is eighteen years to-day, since my return, and the secret has been confided only to one person, and that person was my wife. "Ellen," continued the colonel, breaking off abruptly, "you are that child—the daughter of Lieutenant Walton."

Most men regard madness with horror, yet how few recoil from the practices whereby it is engendered! The annals of the lunatic asylum testify that intoxication, in itself a species of madness, is the primary cause of one-third of the cases of insanity; and yet men drain the wine-cup, knowing that they drink liquid madness.

POETRY.

NOT AT HOME.

Not at home! not at home! close my curtain again,
Go and send the intruders away;
They may knock if they will, but 'tis labour in vain,
For I am not made up for the day;
Though my ball was the best of all possible balls,
Though I graced my saloon like a queen,
I've a head-ache to-day, so if any one calls—
"Not at home!" I am not to be seen.

Not at home! not at home! bring strong coffee at two,
But now leave me to doze in the dark;
I'm too pale for my pink, I'm too brown for my blue,
I'm too sick for my drive in the park.
If the man whose attentions are pointed should call—
(Eliza, you know who I mean.)
Oh say, when he knocks, I'm knock'd up by my ball,
"Not at home!" I am not to be seen.

Not at home to Sir John, should the baron dismount,
Not at home till my ringlets are curled;
Should the jeweller call with his "little account,"
Not at home! not at home for the world!
I at midnight must shine at three splendid "at homes,"
Then adieu to my morning chagrin;
Close my curtain again, for till candlelight comes,
"Not at home!" I am not to be seen.

VARIETIES.

OPAQUE GLASS.—To render glass opaque, take a piece of flat copper, and a little sand or fine emery made into a very thin paste with water, and with this rub over the glass with a circular motion of the hand; this will, in a short time, destroy the polish of the surface. Instead of copper a piece of Yorkshire frit may be used; but the former is preferable, as it holds the sand better.

TO OUR READERS.

WITH the present number, which concludes the second volume of the New Series of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL, MR. GRANT will close his editorial connexion with this publication. His principal reason for relinquishing the editorship is, that on the First of February he is to commence a new monthly work, as will be seen from the preceding advertisement; due attention to which would be incompatible with his continuing to conduct the SATURDAY JOURNAL. It is gratifying to MR. GRANT to be able to state, that he resigns the editorship of the latter publication in favour of MR. TIMBS, the gentleman who for eleven years conducted "The Mirror" with distinguished success; and who may, therefore, be expected to do every justice to this periodical. MR. GRANT, indeed, has no hesitation in saying, that his successor will be able to devote more time and attention to the SATURDAY JOURNAL, than it was possible for him, amidst the multiplicity of his other literary engagements, to bestow upon it. With sincere acknowledgments, therefore, to his numerous friends and readers for their past patronage, MR. GRANT now transfers the SATURDAY JOURNAL to new hands, with his most cordial wishes for its continued prosperity.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

THE Subscribers to the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL are respectfully informed, that MR. GRANT having relinquished the Editorship of this Miscellany, it will henceforth be conducted by MR. JOHN TIMBS, "eleven years the industrious and able Editor of the MIRROR,"* and the LITERARY WORLD; and who has become co-proprietor of the present Journal. Without disparaging the successful exertions of the retiring Editor of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL, the Publisher assures the Subscribers, that no exertion will be spared for the advancement of this Miscellany in popular favour; by especial attention to the tone of its Literature, and the character of its Illustrations.

The First Number of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL, edited by MR. TIMBS, will appear on JANUARY 1st, 1842. Paternoster Row, December 25, 1841.

It is requested that Communications and Books for Review, be addressed to the Editor, as above.

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